
THE LADIES' PEARL.

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Popular Tales.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

ALICE THORNTON, OR THE NEW DRESS.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

It was late in October. A bright morning had succeeded a clear, keen night, and the white frost soon melted beneath the sunbeams, glittering like jewels on the lawn that still retained its verdure, and which sloped gently down in front of a white cottage embowered amid ancient forest trees, till it reached the margin of a broad and beautiful lake. The opposite shore of the lake was skirted by a range of mountains, over which the heavy mist, now pierced and rent by the powerful rays of the sun, hung like a torn banner, partially revealing their graceful and undulating outline. In a small parlor of the cottage, Mrs Thornton, a widow lady, and Alice, her only child, were seated at the breakfast table. A slight shade of sadness mingled with anxiety could be detected on the pale and still lovely features of Mrs Thornton, while sunny smiles lurked in the dimples round the rosebud lips of Alice and heightened the brilliancy of her large, soft blue eyes, resembling

"Blue water-lilies, when the breeze
Is making the stream around them trem-
ble."

As she raised her head to gather back the curls of a rich, golden brown, which had fallen over forehead, she noticed for the first time that her mother's countenance wore an expression of sadness, and the smile faded from her own.

"Why do you look so melancholy?" she inquired.

"Can you ask," said her mother, "when you are going from home to be absent weeks, perhaps months?"

"O not more than five weeks certainly, and aunt Pierson will be here to-morrow, and will remain till I return."

"I should much prefer to have your aunt accompany you. I don't exactly like to trust you to the direction of your cousin Lavinia."

"I am sure that Lavinia is a number of years older than I am, and has seen a great deal of the world. Uncle Loring too will always be ready to give me good advice when I require it."

"Your uncle's time is very much engrossed, and you will not always find him at leisure to advise you. Were your aunt living, I should, comparatively, suffer but little solicitude on your account. I regret that Lavinia was so urgent for you to be there to-day, as I shall be unable to supply you with money except to defray your travelling expenses before next week."

"That is of no consequence," replied Alice. "It is not at all probable that I shall wish to spend any money before that time, for it has been so long since Lavinia and I have met, that we shall have much to say to each other—and shall prefer to be by ourselves the first week at least."

Mrs Thornton smiled at this remark, but made no reply, while Alice looking at the clock, and finding it later than she had anticipated, rose from table and has-

tened to array herself in her travelling dress, that she might be at the depot in season for the cars to convey her to the city of New York.

"Just a week from to-day," said her mother, "I shall send you some money by Mr Andrews, if, as he now anticipates, he should then go to New York; otherwise I shall send it by mail."

"I beg that you will send me only a small sum," said Alice, "as I shall have no use for it, and I fear it will be inconvenient for you to spare much."

"It is my intention to supply you liberally," said her mother.

Alice had never visited at her uncle Loring's since he resided in the city, and although she was prepared to find considerable splendor, she was surprised at the style of princely magnificence displayed throughout the mansion. Lavinia welcomed her very cordially, and remarked that she was extremely glad that she had come the day she requested her to in her letter, as the next day but one, they were going to have a large party.—Alice felt much regret that the time, which in her own mind, she had intended to devote to cherished reminiscences, should thus early be broken in upon; but this feeling gave place to dismay, when after tea Lavinia described the rich and costly dress she had purchased for the party, and informed her that it would be necessary for her, early in the morning, to procure materials for one equally elegant.

"That will be impossible," replied Alice, and she explained to her cousin her mother's inability to supply her with money till the next week.

"You will have plenty then, I suppose," said Lavinia.

"Yes, more than I shall need."

"Then all difficulty is at end, for it is not at all necessary that you should pay for an article the moment you order it. I shall be present to advise and assist

you in selecting what is proper, and every person will be happy to trust a relation of mine for a few days."

Alice consented with great reluctance to this arrangement, and once she resolved to consult her uncle, and mentioned her determination to Lavinia.

"Nonsense!" said her cousin, "what can he know about a young lady's dress? I ordered mine in season on purpose that my dress maker might be at liberty to attend to yours if you came."

The next morning, early as possible, Lavinia conducted Alice to the shop, where she was in the habit of making her own purchases when inconvenient to pay immediately. She selected every thing herself, and when Alice ventured to mention that she feared that some of the articles were too expensive, her cousin assured her that they were extremely cheap and that any thing meaner would be positively vulgar.

"There," said Lavinia, when they had left the shop, "your dress will be nearly as elegant, and equally as fashionable as mine, although it will cost nearly a third less; for you appeared to be so afraid of the expense that I was at the trouble of procuring it much cheaper than if it had been for myself."

"I am certainly obliged to you," said Alice. "Can you tell how much the whole will probably amount to?"

"No, but we will see when we get home."

Alice turned pale when she found how large a sum had been expended.

"I did not expect it would be so much," she said. "Will not Mr Somers be willing to take back this gold embroidered blonde intended for flounces?"

"By no means," replied Lavinia, "it would be mean to ask him, and your dress would make no show at all without it.—The truth is, I wish you to appear irresistibly fascinating to-morrow evening, that you may make a conquest of Sydney

Austin, who is not only rich in purse but in personal and mental endowments."

"If he is to be fascinated by an expensive dress, I shall not hold his mental endowments in high estimation."

"To be sure not, but if you should find yourself in the midst of a gay and fashionable assemblage, attired in a mean, vulgar manner, you could not avoid appearing stiff and awkward, and nothing in the world would so soon awaken the disgust of Sydney Austin as that."

"If this Sydney Austin is so desirable why not seek to secure him yourself?"

"To confess the truth, I am engaged to George Maynard, whom I mentioned in my last letter, and I should have told you all about it before now, had we not have had so many other matters to discuss.—Here is his picture—how do you like it?"

"It is very handsome," replied Alice.

"It scarcely does justice to the original," said Lavinia, "yet by many people Sydney Austin is thought to be his superior in every respect"

Alice, when she had finished dressing for the party, could not help thinking that she looked better than she ever had before, and almost ceased to regret the imprudence she had been guilty of in purchasing her elegant dress; and her regret grew still fainter when the ladies, many of them attired much more expensively than herself, began to assemble in the brilliantly lighted apartments. Lavinia, when Sydney Austin was announced, was delighted to read in the expressive countenance of Alice, that she did not think she had given her an exaggerated description of his personal attractions, & she was careful that an early introduction should take place between them. To Alice, the hours were winged moments. Young Austin was evidently pleased with her, and devoted to her as much of his time as politeness would permit. From this time he was at Mr Loring's daily; always having some excuse for calling. Sometimes

he brought a book containing some fine passages which he wished to read to the young ladies, sometimes he wished to exhibit to them a beautiful print he had been purchasing, at others he would bring a new song, for Alice, whose voice was as sweet and melodious as a Peri's, to sing. Love, in the mean time, was linking round her his silken chains, wreathed with his loveliest roses; for although Sydney had, as yet, never spoken to her in the language of love, there was ever in his voice when addressing her

———"the tone that shed
A tenderness round all he said,"

which was to her heart like the first breath of heaven that steals into the opening flower. Her smile might be more pensive than it used to be, but she was never happier. Upon her spirit rested a light, soft and subdued, like the sunshine of an autumn day. One dim and shadowy speck, at times expanding itself into a cloud, throwing gloom over her spirits, alone marred her enjoyment. She was conscious that she had expended far too much in purchasing her splendid dress, far more than her mother, with her slender means, could afford. By thus doing she had incurred a heavy debt, and although she felt certain that she should be able to pay it in a few days, she was uneasy at having violated a principle which her mother had ever scrupulously adhered to herself, and sought with equal care to impress upon the mind of her daughter, by assuring her that its observance had enabled them to live in ease and comfort, when an opposite course would have brought with it a train of perplexities, which must have soon terminated in absolute poverty and distress. This principle was, never to contract a debt except through the most urgent necessity; never for the gratification of pride and vanity, or even intellectual wants. The day she expected to receive the money her mother had promised to send her,

Sydney Austin came as usual. Lavinia, who had a letter to write to George Maynard, soon retired to her own room, trusting, she said, that they would be able to amuse each other.

"I shall not have a more favorable opportunity," thought Sydney, "for the avowal of my sentiments;—why should I let it pass? A week is surely enough for the study of a character, which is all openness, simplicity and truth."

Alice, that she might not fail in contributing her share to their mutual amusement, attempted to sing a favorite song that lay open on the piano, but she wanted the presence of Lavinia to give her confidence, and the words and tones which at first came timidly from her lips soon died away altogether, and blushing deeply at her failure, she rose and went to a window. Sydney ventured to her side, but he seemed to be infected with her own timidity, and it was in language that would have done him little credit as an orator, that he expressed his wishes and his hopes. The words of Alice were few in reply, but they were such as must have been satisfactory to a lover, for she dreamed not of concealment or disguise. Just at this crisis footsteps were heard in the hall, and shortly afterwards, Mr Andrews was ushered into their presence.—He had brought a letter to Alice from her mother, and Lavinia soon entering she withdrew to read it. It enclosed a single bank note, and she turned pale and trembled as she perused the first sentence.

"Ten dollars," it said, "is all that I can possibly send you. Mr Carnes has invariably been so prompt in his payments, that I did not even dream of his failing me. But his affairs, as he frankly confesses, have of late become much embarrassed, and he begs that his creditors will wait till he can arrange them, when he hopes to pay all. I have at present no other resource, which will render it necessary for us to use the strictest econo-

my, and as you cannot remain in the city without making some additions to your wardrobe, you will see the necessity of your immediate return. The money I have sent you, will I trust, suffice to defray any trifling expense you may be obliged to incur besides that of your journey home."

The remainder of the letter was filled with expressions of affection and commendation, such as would naturally flow from the heart of a mother towards a beloved and amiable daughter. But the words, which a few days before, would have fallen like balm upon her heart, were converted to arrows, piercing it to its core, and in an agony of shame and remorse at her foolish expenditure, she traversed her apartment till Lavinia sent to remind her that Mr Andrews was in haste to depart and was awaiting her return. The agitation and distress of Alice was so plainly depicted in her countenance, that Sydney Austin, who on her return rose to take his leave, could not forbear saying as he passed her, "I hope you have no bad news."

"No, nothing that ought to have proved such," she replied with half averted face.

After the departure of Mr Andrews, Alice informed Lavinia of her disappointment relative to receiving the money.

"How extremely vexatious," replied her cousin, "for I told Mr Somers, who hinted to me that he should soon be obliged to make out a large sum, that you would certainly pay him by to-morrow, and told him he might send you his bill. I would lend you the money, but to confess the truth, I am myself indebted to him so largely, that I dread to tell father how much, and as he always makes me a present New-year's day, of money, if I prefer, Mr Somers has engaged to wait till then."

"I will call on Mr Somers immediately, and inform him of my inability to pay him for the present."

"O no," said Lavinia, "I would not do that. He may find himself able to do without what you owe him, and not send your bill to-morrow."

The ensuing day, Sydney Austin, while on his way to call on Alice, finding that he had lost one of his gloves, just as he had arrived at Mr Somers' shop, called in to purchase a pair. While he stood at the counter looking at some, a boy entered, and addressing Mr Somers, said, "Miss Thornton says she cannot pay your bill, but will call and see you."

"Her calling," said Mr Somers, "will be of little consequence. In two hours I must pay two thousand dollars into the bank, and I have had more trouble in trying to collect the last five hundred than all the rest. Let me send to whom I will, the answer is uniformly the same, 'I cannot pay you to-day.' I thought that this Miss Thornton was very extravagant in her purchases, but as she was a visiter at the rich Mr Loring's, I concluded I might trust her. I should advise all young men," added he, turning to Sydney Austin, who was apparently examining a pair of gloves very minutely, "who are not already married, to remain bachelors.—Even your great wealth could hardly support a wife, who could not go to an evening party without expending what would maintain many a poor family in comfort for a year. Now here are articles charged in this bill, which a young and very beautiful, and I must add, a very modest looking girl ran in debt for a week ago, that no woman, unless her income were thousands, should think of wearing without a blush."

"Her being very young," said Sydney, "may be some excuse. She may learn prudence by experience."

"No person should trust to that. Expensive habits once contracted are extremely difficult to overcome."

"You cannot possibly do without the money the young lady owes you."

"No, I have not a single expedient that I can resort to. I have done little else for two days past except trying to collect what I am obliged to pay into the bank, a sum which six months ago I could without difficulty have collected in as many hours. If those who are indebted to me are not more prompt, I am a ruined man. My bills will be dishonored—my credit destroyed."

"Can I see you a moment in another room?" said Sydney, in a low voice.

Mr Somers opened the door of an adjoining apartment, which they entered together.

"If," said Sydney, "the sum which Miss Thornton owes you be enough to make up that which you require to pay into the bank, as I happen to have as much by me, I shall be happy to accommodate you with it as long as you wish, provided you will give me your word that you will not, while you retain it, demand the payment of the bill you hold against her."

"That I will readily do," said Mr Somers, his countenance brightening, "and you will never be able to appreciate the extent of my obligation to you, unless you should at some time be harassed, as I have been for a few days past, and feel yourself on the verge of losing your character for promptitude for the want of so paltry a sum."

Sydney Austin, from the first moment, had made up his mind with regard to the course he should pursue respecting Alice. If upon inquiry he found that the recent extravagance she had been guilty of proceeded from thoughtlessness, or was induced by the example or persuasion of her cousin, he determined to let it pass unnoticed; if, on the contrary, he found that she had been in the habit of lavishing so much upon her person, he resolved to request a release from the engagement, into which he had entered only the day before, although from that moment

he was conscious that his dearest hopes of earthly happiness must forever fleet away, like some radiant bird that hovers for an instant over some lonely flower of the desert, ere it rises into the air to wing its way to a happier clime. He had just finished counting the money, having first enjoined upon Mr Somers the strictest secrecy relative to the transaction, when a clerk opening the door informed the latter that a lady desired to speak with him. He hastily left the room, promising to return in a few minutes, leaving the door ajar. The lady was Alice, whose paleness and agitation evinced her distress. She briefly stated, that, being inexperienced in such matters, she was not aware of the great value of the articles she had purchased of him, and that she did not rightly understand her cousin when she assured her that they were cheap, imagining that they were positively instead of comparatively so. She then confessed her utter inability to pay him for the present, giving at the same time the reason. Mr Somers, in return, expressed much regret that she should have been subjected to a moment's anxiety respecting it, assuring her that she might take her own time for the payment of the debt. Alice, after warmly expressing her thanks, with a much lighter heart than with which she had entered, left the shop, and Mr Somers returned to the apartment where he had left Sydney Austin.

"She is certainly a very beautiful girl," said he, as Sydney handed him the bank notes to count, "and what is better, a very ingenious one. I wish you had seen her, though I half suspect that you have already, or you would not have placed me under my present obligation to you."

"O, I am the one that is obliged," replied he smiling. When he left the shop he proceeded immediately to Mr Loring's and found Alice alone.

"I am glad that you have come," said

she, "for I want to confess to you how very imprudent I have been, and how very humble it makes me in my own opinion, and perhaps at another time, I may not have the courage."

He did not dare to avow his knowledge of what had occurred, as he would thereby betray the transaction between himself and Mr Somers, and was constrained, therefore, to listen to her confession.

"There," said she, when she had finished, "I have told you all without gloss or extenuation. Do you condemn me?" The air of gaiety with which she had pronounced the preceding word, changing to one of solicitude as she asked the question.

"If I should condemn you," replied he, "I should deserve to have sentence passed on myself, for a severe, if not an unjust judge."

The next day in company with Mr Andrews, who had remained in the city to transact some business, Alice returned home where she had to confess her imprudence to another but equally lenient judge as Sydney Austin. Mr Carnes, Mrs Thornton's debtor, being enabled to retrieve his affairs much sooner than he had at first anticipated, she was able, by availing herself of another sum which became due about the same time, and which she had promised Alice, previous to her journey to New York, should be appropriated to the purpose of enlarging their library, to discharge the debt of Mr Somers. The loss of the books was to Alice, who was excessively fond of reading, a severe punishment, but one that she felt that she deserved. Long before this, Sydney Austin had made a visit to the white cottage, and Mrs Thornton won by the united attractions of his fine person, affable manners, and his sound and cultivated intellect, unhesitatingly gave her sanction to the promise he had received from Alice, which at the time,

was given only on condition of its meeting her mother's approbation.

When another autumn had put on its gorgeous mantle, and the soft haze, which lingering on the mountains made them appear as if melting into the sky, had given place to the bracing and lucid atmosphere, which not only revealed many of their inequalities, but even the green woods with which they were clothed, he came once more to claim her for his bride.

We will only add, that the dress of Alice, prepared for the occasion, was beautiful and very becoming, though far less costly than the one with its blonde flounders embroidered with gold; which, although she never wore it a second time, she ever carefully preserved, that it might teach her its silent, but eloquent lesson.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

LINES ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF A RESPECTED FRIEND.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

'Tis the morn of your birth-day. It comes when the Spring

In her cradle awakes, and the early birds sing,—

When the winter is gone, with its darkness and pain,—

And the days and the nights have grown equal again,

It comes,—and I greet it with blessings and prayers,

Such as gratitude breathes, when her warmth she declares;

For when thro' the wanderings of life's devious track,

To the follies and pleasures of youth I look back,

Your love, like an angel, unchanging is seen,

Your blessed example, a model serene,

And so, till the last rays of mem'ry depart, I'll twine round your birth-day the flowers of the heart.

My wreath shall not wither, when summer is fled,

Nor shrink when the groves in their glory are dead,—

It shall burst forth anew, when the garb decays,

It shall bud, when these temples are frosted and grey,—

God grant, when the turf o'er my bosom is laid,

It may bloom in the land where no flowret can fade.

THE DOVE AND THE ANT.

An ant, with a burden that weighed near a grain,

Walking home by a river with labor extreme,

(The pleasure of industry sweetened the pain,)

Her little foot slipped, and she fell in the stream.

On a tree, near the place, sat a beautiful dove,

Who saw the misfortune, and mourned for it too;

And, urged by the feelings of pity and love, A bough for the poor little struggle she threw.

Thus kindly supported, thus rescued from death,

In safety she landed, her danger was o'er, For a mild passing zephyr, with pitying breath,

Soon wafted her kindly and gently to shore.

The ant's little bosom with gratitude swelled,

And she said (or perhaps she but wished she could say)

'By my minikin form, I, alas! am withheld From being allowed this kind act to repay.'

Ah! there is not a creature, however obscure,

That the bounty of heaven has suffered to live,

(Though it cannot perhaps its own safety ensure,)

But is able to others assistance to give.

And thus did the ant with unspeakable joy, The dove's kind assistance most aptly repay;

A fowler her friend was intent to destroy, She stung him, he screamed, and the dove flew away.

Despise not the humble—Oh! treat not with scorn

The poor and the low, whom so useful we see;

We all of us equally helpless were born, And our lot was assigned us by heaven's decree.



Historical.

THE EXILED QUEEN.

Isabella of Poland, widow of John, king of Hungary, queen-mother, and regent of that kingdom, had been compelled to abdicate her power by the treason of George, a bold and intriguing Croatian of a noble but decayed family, who had risen, from a servile office in the Monastery of St. Paul, by Buda, to be Archbishop of Strigonium and a Cardinal; but a twofold traitor to his queen and her infant son, who had been bequeathed to his tutelage, by the too confiding John in his last moments.

The regalia of Hungary, (consisting of a crown made of plates of gold, mounting on high in form of a high-crowned hat, enriched with stones and pearls, and having a cross of gold on the top; a sceptre of ivory garnished with gold; and a mantle of cloth of gold;) having been demanded at her hands, and by her surrendered, at the Diet of Colosvar, in an adjacent monastery, Queen Isabella with her son, the young dethroned monarch, was compelled to depart for Cassovia; and taking the most unfrequented and perilous roads, in order to avoid the Turkish territory, travelled in the meanest attire and with every token of extreme grief.

"Insomuch," saith the curious old chronicle from which I made this extract. "Insomuch that, one day, passing a mountain, which separateth Transylvania from

Hungary, and going down the side thereof, which was very rough and tedious, by which ragged way her coach could not pass, she was constrained, during a great shower, to go on foot and down that side with her children and ladies, and that not without great labor.

"Walking in this sort, she greatly complained herself of her adverse fortune, who, not contenting to be contrarie and opposite to her, in great weightie things, would yet afflict her in small and mean matters. She then took a knife and, with the point thereof, to ease a little her intolerable grief, writ in the bark of a great tree,

'Sic Fata voluit!'

and underneath—

'Isabella Regina.'

It may be some satisfaction to the reader, to learn that the infamous Friar George of Croatia, was subsequently assassinated in his strongly fortified castle of Binse, on the steep banks of the Sebesse; by which event the queen-mother was enabled to reconquer all her towns and castles, and resume the government of Hungary in the name of her son.

The tempest and uproar, that distinguished the night in which the traitor Cardinal suffered the retribution of his enormous crimes, is thus told in the same chronicle.

"Now the night was come, which was very cloudy and dark; during which the elements would demonstrate some sign of the friar's death.

"For, in that night the winds were so horrible and the tempest and rain so strange, that in man's memory the like was never seen. Nothing was heard but unaccustomed sounds in the air, and clapping of doors and windows through all the castle, and that so terrifying as though the world would presently have ended.

"In short, as well in the air, as in the valleys, this supernatural tempest made such rude havoc, as though all the furies in hell had been there unchained."

EXECUTION OF CHARLES I. OF ENGLAND.

In Jesse's memoirs of the Court of England during the reign of the Stuarts, we find the following description of the execution of that unfortunate monarch, Charles I:—

"To return to the last moments of Charles. The scaffold had been covered with black cloth, and a coffin, lined with black velvet, was in readiness to receive his remains. In the platform itself had been fixed iron rings and staples, to which ropes had also been attached, by which it was intended to force the king to the block should he make the least attempt at resistance. The persons who attended him to the scaffold, besides Bishop Juxon, were two of the gentlemen of his bedchamber, Harrington and Herbert. The former afterwards suffered so much from the shock, that an illness ensued which nearly cost him his life. The king himself appeared cheerful, resigned and happy. Having put on his satin cap, he inquired of one of the two executioners, both of whom were masked, if his hair was in the way. The man requested him to push it under his cap. As he was doing so, with the assistance of the bishop and the executioner, he turned to the former: "I have a good cause," he said, "and a gracious God on my side."

The Bishop.—There is but one stage more; this stage is turbulent and troublesome; it is a short one; but you may consider it will soon carry you a great way; it will carry you from earth to heaven; and there you will find a great deal of cordial joy and comfort.

The King.—I go from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can be, no disturbance in the world.

The Bishop.—You are exchanged from a temporal to an eternal crown; a good exchange.

Observing one of the persons who had been admitted to the scaffold, accidentally touching the edge of the axe with his cloak, the king requested him to be careful. Then again inquiring of the executioner, "is my hair well?" he took off his cloak and doublet, and delivering the latter to the bishop, exclaimed significantly, "*remember.*" To the executioner, he said, "I shall say but short prayers, and when I thrust out my hands—." Looking at the block, he said, "you must set it fast." The executioner replied it was fast. The king remarked it might have been higher. Being told it could not have been higher, he said, "when I put out my hands this way, then—"

In the meantime, having divested himself of his cloak and doublet, and being in his waistcoat, he again put on his cloak, and lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, and repeating a few words to himself, which were inaudible to the bystanders, he knelt down and laid his neck on the block. The executioner stopping to put his hair under his cap, the king thinking him about to strike, bid him *wait for the sign*. After a short pause he stretched out his hands, and the executioner at one blow severed his head from his body. The head was immediately lifted up by the other headsman, and exhibited to the people. "Behold," he exclaimed, "the head of a traitor."

Thus, on the 30th of January, 1649, at the age of forty-nine, died king Charles. The dismal groan which rose at the moment of his decapitation, from the dense populace around, was never forgotten by those who heard it. Certainly, by the vast majority of the people of England, the execution of Charles was regarded as an atrocious and barbarous murder. Philip Henry, the famous divine, was a witness of the memorable scene. "He used to mention," writes his son, "that at the instant when the blow was given, there was such a *dismal, universal groan* among the thousands of people that were within sight, as it were with one consent, as he never heard before, and desired he might never hear the like again." This fact is corroborated by the testimony of an aged person, one Margaret Coe, who died in 1730, at the age of one hundred and three. She saw the executioner hold up the head, and well remembered the *dismal groan* which was made by the vast multitude of spectators when the fatal blow was given." Immediately after the axe

fell, a party of horse rode rapidly from Charing Cross to King street, and another from King street to Charing Cross, with the object of dispersing the people, or more probably, with the object of dispersing their thoughts."

HISTORY OF ORACLES.

One of the earliest superstitions that attracts our attention is the institution of oracles. There is no superstition which had so great reverence and popularity in ancient times. They were generally delivered in temples or some other sacred places. The ancients believed them to be enunciations, by the mouths of men, of the will of the gods. They were consulted on a variety of occasions, relating to public and private affairs and enterprises. When the Pagans made peace or war, enacted laws, reformed states, or changed the constitution, they had in all these cases, recourse to the oracle by public authority. Also in private life, if a man wished to marry, to take a journey, or to engage in any business of importance, he repaired to the oracle for counsel. These oracles, not only gratified the prevalent curiosity of mankind, but proved a source of immense wealth, as well as authority and influence to those who had the command of them.—Accordingly every nation in which idolatry has subsisted, had its oracles, by means of which one part of the community fattened at the expense of the other. I shall not attempt to describe or enumerate all the oracles of antiquity. I shall confine myself chiefly, after giving a general account of them, to the most celebrated—the Delphian and Pythian.

The responses of oracles were delivered in a variety of ways. At Delphi they interpreted and put into verse, what the priestess pronounced in the time of her inspiration. These answers fell at length into prose, when the people began to laugh at the poorness of the versification. The Epicureans made this the subject of their jests, and said in raillery, it was surprising enough, that Apollo, the god of poetry should be a much worse poet than Homer, who is said to have been inspired by him. By the raileries of these philosophers, and particularly those of the Cynics and Peripatetics, the priests were at length obliged to desist from the practice of versifying the responses of the Pythia. At Dodona, the response was issued from the hollow of an oak. At the

cave of Trophonius, the oracle was inferred from what the suppliant said before he recovered his senses. The study of the meaning of oracles was a vain endeavor, as they were never understood until after their accomplishment. There was always either some ambiguity in their expressions, or something which might be used as a qualification of what seemed to be plainly asserted.

When Alexander fell sick at Babylon, some of his courtiers, who happened to be in Egypt, passed the night in the temple of Serapis, to inquire if it would not be proper to bring Alex'r to be cured by him. The god answered that it was better that Alex'r. should remain where he was. This at all events was a very safe and prudent answer. If the king recovered his health, what glory must Serapis have gained by saving him the fatigue of the journey! If he died, it was but saying that he died in a favorable juncture, after so many conquests, which, had he lived, he could neither have enlarged or preserved.—This was actually the construction they put upon the response, whereas, had Alexander undertaken the journey, and died in the temple, or by the way, nothing could have been said in favor of Serapis.

When Trajan had formed the design of his expedition against the Parthians, he was advised to consult the oracle of Heliopolis, for which he had no more to do but send a note under a seal. That prince, who had no great faith in oracles, sent thither a blank note; and they returned him another of the same. By this, it is said, Trajan was convinced of the divinity of the oracle. He sends back a second note to the god, wherein he inquired, whether he should return to Rome, after finishing the war he had in view.—The god ordered a vine, which was among the offerings of his temple, to be divided into pieces and brought to Trajan. The event justified the oracle; for the emperor died in that war, and his bones were carried to Rome, which had been represented by that broken vine.—As the priests of that oracle knew Trajan's design, which was no secret, they happily devised that response, which, at all events, was capable of a favorable interpretation, whether he routed and cut the Parthians in pieces, or if his army or himself met with the same fate. Sometimes the responses of the oracle were mere banter; a man, for instance, wished to know by what means he might become

rich, and received for answer from the god, that he had only to make himself master of all that lay between Sicyon and Corinth. Another asking a cure for the gout, was answered by the oracle, that he was to drink nothing but cold water.

Here it may be remarked, by the way, that these oracles were nothing more nor less than the fortune-telling shops of the present day, erected on a grand scale, and finding a wider patronage; and there is no doubt, if the truth was known, that Moll Pitcher herself was as learned and as ingenious in her answers as the priests and priestesses of the ancient oracles, and that the multitude who consulted her were no wiser than the dupes of the oracles of Delphi and Pythia. Most of the ancient fathers of the church actually believed in the fulfilment of the prophetic nature of these oracles, and supposed that they were issued by the devil; and looked on it as a pleasure he took to give dubious and equivocal answers, in order to give a handle to laugh at them. Some thought, however, that the obscurity of the answers was owing to the devil's ignorance as to the precise circumstances of events. That artful and studied obscurity, in which the answers were couched, was thought to prove the embarrassment the devil was under; as those double meanings they usually bore provided for their accomplishment.—Where the thing foretold did not happen accordingly, the oracle was said to be misunderstood. They thought that oracles would not have lasted so long and supported themselves with so much splendor and reputation, if the devil had not some intervention in the predictions, or if they had been merely owing to the forgery of the priests. Bishop Sherlock, in his "Discourses concerning the Use and Intent of Prophecy," expresses his opinion, that it is impious to disbelieve the heathen oracles, and to deny them to have been given out by the devil. Dr Middleton, however, declares that the best and wisest of the heathen themselves, had no faith in them. He alleges that Cicero, speaking of the Delphic oracle, the most revered of any of the heathen world, declares, "that nothing was become more contemptible, not only in his days, but long before him." And he says that Demosthenes, about three hundred years earlier, affirmed of the same oracle, in a public speech to the people of Athens, "that it was gained to the inter-

ests of king Philip," an enemy to that city. The philosophers, likewise, mostly disavowed the authority of all oracles, and Eusebius declares, "that six hundred authors among the heathens themselves, had written against the reality of them." So it seems the ancient world, like the present age, was divided into two classes, the believers and the disbelievers in superstitions of all kinds, of which the majority are the believers.

Delphi was the capital of Phocis in Greece, and was celebrated for its temple of Apollo, in which was contained the oracle. The temple of Apollo occupied a large space, and many streets met there. The first discovery of the oracle, which laid the foundation of the fame and riches of this place, was as follows. Certain goats were feeding on Mount Parnassus, near a deep and large cavern, with a narrow entrance. These goats having been observed by the goatherd to frisk and leap in a very strange manner, and to utter unusual sounds immediately upon their approach to the mouth of the cavern, he had the curiosity to view it, and found himself seized with the like fit of madness, skipping, dancing and foretelling things to come. If these accounts be true, the wind that emanated from this cave must have been a species of exhilarating gas. At the news of this discovery, multitudes flocked thither, many of whom were possessed of such mad enthusiasm, that they threw themselves headlong into the opening of the cavern; so that it was necessary to issue an edict forbidding all persons to approach the cavern. This surprising place was treated with singular veneration, and soon covered with a kind of chapel, made of laurel boughs, that resembled a large hut. At length the temple was founded, and the oracle became established and permanent; and such were the multitudes from all parts that came to consult it, that the riches that were thus brought into the temple and city were said to rival the wealth of the Persian kings. When this oracle was first established, the whole mystery requisite for obtaining the prophetic gift, was to approach the cavern and inhale the vapor that issued from it; and then the god inspired all persons indifferently. Finally it was appropriated to certain individuals, who placed over the mouth of the cave a "tripod," and commissioned a woman to seat herself in this chair, where she might abide the

vapor, without danger of falling in. This priestess was named Pythia. At first gay virgins were employed, but at length there was a law enacted that no one should be a priestess who had not passed her fiftieth year. At first there was only one, but finally three. The priestess fasted three days, and before she ascended the tripod she bathed herself in the Fountain of Castalia. She drunk water from that fountain, and chewed laurel leaves gathered near it. She was then led into the sanctuary by the priests, who placed her upon the tripod. As soon as she began to be agitated by the divine exhalation, her hair stood on end, her aspect became wild and ghastly, and her whole body was seized with violent tremblings. She then raved and tried to escape; but the priests held her down, while her shrieks and howlings made the whole temple resound, and filled the bystanders with a sacred horror. The unconnected words which she used in her ravings were put together by the priests, ranged in order, put in the form of verse, and given out as the oracle. The oracle being pronounced, she was taken out of the tripod, and conducted back to her cell, where she continued several days, to recover herself from the conflict. The oracles pronounced by the priestess were generally delivered to the poets who attended on the occasion, who put them into that wretched verse, which gave occasion to the raillery, that Apollo, the god of the Muses, was the worst of poets.—*Boston Weekly Magazine.*

The Mother.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

A SKETCH.

It was evening! The golden tinge of the sun's last rays had just taken leave of the mountain top; the grey mists of twilight were spreading themselves in the valleys; the songsters of the grove having ended their carols, were retiring to their downy nests, and all animate nature was preparing to participate in the blessings held out to them by 'Tired Nature's sweet restorer;' when a mother, having lulled her child to rest, knelt by his side to commend him to the care of God, his Maker.

She prayed; then arose and was about to leave the room; pausing, she cast back

a lingering look of deep anxiety upon his beautiful form, now reposing in all the loveliness of innocence and infancy. Quick as thought her mind penetrated the vista of coming years and gazed to the time when youth and manhood should succeed childhood; when he should begin to mix with the world, and live amid its vices;—when temptations should assail, and the pleasures and charms of the world should present allurements before his youthful mind, to draw it from the path of virtue and uprightness.

'Ah!' thought she, 'can it be, that when he loses the counsels of pious parents—when he leaves the parental fireside, and launches forth upon the ocean of life—that he will make shipwreck of virtue and character? Can it be, that those pure hands will learn to practice vice? Can those innocent lips ever impiously take the name of God in vain?'

The idea of its bare possibility, filled her mind with deep distress and sorrow, and she returned to commend him anew to God, and supplicate the mercy seat for grace, to guard him from temptations and sin; for wisdom to guide his wandering feet through the mazy paths of life, to the bright portals of endless peace on high. Long and ardently did she wrestle before throne of heaven, and seemed almost like Moses, to hold converse with Deity, face to face; until at length a voice seemed to whisper in her ear, with heavenly accents, 'Daughter, go in peace, thy petition is heard, and thy request granted.'

Yet, with this assurance of his passport through the world uncontaminated by sin, she was not satisfied. He yet might have to pass through scenes of trial and suffering—anxiety and sorrow might cloud his brow; the cold and blighting winds of adversity might howl around his dwelling; his heart might be lacerated by the perfidy of false friends, or his character blasted by the withering voice of slander; the tree of friendship that *should* wave its thick foliage over his head, might be eaten at the root by envy or jealousy, and wither, leaving him exposed to the rage of bitter per-

secution; or he might be left to the mercy of a cold hearted world, suffered to wander forlorn, dejected, and homeless, over the earth, and perhaps end his career amid strangers, without a friend to administer a cup of water to cool his fevered tongue.

These thoughts were too much for a mother's heart to bear without deep emotion, and again she petitioned that God would keep him from the evils that are in the world; that his path might be lit up continually by the sunshine of prosperity, that he might never know the stings of a false friend inflicts, feel the detractions of slander, nor have the dark clouds of sorrow gather around his brow, and while her imagination painted these dreaded ills to her mind, her devotion became almost enthusiasm; and in an agony of soul, she cried 'save my son: oh God! save my son from the evils to which he will be exposed in future life!'

At that instant the door of the apartment was opened, and before the astonished mother appeared a ghostly form, with haggard countenance, whose noise was like a hollow murmur from the tomb.

Said the shade, 'I am called the King of Terrors: I come to grant your petition, and fulfil your requests. I alone can save your son from the evils you fear will fall upon him. In this world it is impossible but that he should be exposed to sorrow, and all the evils incident to human life.—But there is a brighter country, where sorrow never enters; where nought but peace, harmony and happiness dwell; where the 'inhabitants never say I am sick.' I come commissioned, with your consent, to transplant that opening bud to bloom in that fertile country.'

The mother was silent; opposite and contending passions occupied her mind.—At length, the desire to promote the interest of her offspring overcame, and she tremblingly replied; 'I submit to your decree, take my child.' The visitor, with his cold finger, touched the heart of the innocent, and immediately that young bud expanded into the bloom and vigor of im-

mortality; and it was transplanted to flourish in a more salubrious clime, beyond the reach of sorrow.

N.

From the Mother's Magazine.

THE ELDER SISTER.

"Who is that graceful young lady, with the two little girls tripping on each side of her, my dear Mrs Grey," said an elderly female to her companion, as they were walking up High street. Mrs Grey looked at the beautiful girl as she smilingly nodded in passing, and replied, "that is the eldest daughter of my dear friend, Mrs Cleaveland. She is one of the most interesting females in the city, and I am often at loss which to admire most, the judicious manner in which my friend has brought up her *eldest daughter*, or the excellent principles which regulate the minutest part of Julia's conduct. She has been taught ever since quite a little girl, to regard her younger brothers and sisters as the objects of her peculiar and unvarying care. As she has advanced to womanhood, it has become more and more conspicuous, and she is now the most watchful, disinterested being I know.

Her happiness consists in making others happy, particularly *her own family*.—She is always ready to perform for her brothers and sisters, those little offices of love their tender age requires. She attends them when they rise in the morning, dresses them neatly, and never omits attention to their private devotions.—When the bell summons them to morning prayer, many a little footfall may be heard following her to the dining room, where solemnity and decorum mark their behavior. At table, "sister Julia" has many a little pinafore to adjust, and when the hour for school arrives, every satchel is ready for their plump little hands to grasp the strings.

She attends to their lessons, mends their clothes, reconciles all their little differences, walks with them, plays with them, sings for them, and is the source and centre of all their enjoyments. Whatever this good girl can do, either for their comfort or improvement, is to her well regulated mind a source of unalloyed pleasure. Mrs Cleaveland, unlike many mothers I know, taught Julia from her childhood to subdue her natural selfishness, and to consider first, the comfort and advantage of her brothers and sis-

ters. She was never permitted to assume that haughty air which renders so many elder sisters disgusting. She was never allowed to claim or receive undue indulgence on that account, and no favors were bestowed upon her, because of her station in the family. On the contrary, she was taught, that whenever it became necessary for one to yield, she would conquer by yielding, and win by kindness, where she might provoke and irritate by contending.

As she grew up she practised the most disinterested generosity, and when first impressed by religious truth, one of the most affecting considerations that presented itself to her mind was, "*I am the eldest sister.*" What has the Lord a right to expect from me? What do my brothers and sisters expect? She told me one day, when conversing with her on religious subjects, that there was nothing which more deeply weighed upon her heart, than the responsible situation in which providence had placed her own family. "To me," said the sweet girl, with tears in her eyes, "my dear parents look, to strengthen their hands in the government of our domestic world, to enforce their precepts, to exhibit in my example what the younger ones should practice, and to aid in every way in training up a family for the service of God on earth. With my father and mother I stand connected by every endearing tie, as the representative of my family, and I know I can do much to aid, or much to defeat them in all their plans for family usefulness, and personal holiness. To me, my darlings look for consistent example, a correct tone of sentiment, purity of conversation, and that life of religion which christianity requires. Sometimes I am so overwhelmed with a sense of my responsibility, that I tremble at every step I take, and my daily prayer to my heavenly father is, 'for grace to walk worthy of the vocation wherewith I am called.'"

Such was the language of Julia Cleveland, when nineteen years old, and her *daily life* bears testimony to the sincerity of her desires. She is constantly aiming at the high standard she has set before her, and every day develops a growing conformity to it. It is not the mere expression of the lips with Julia, it is a *deep conviction of her duty* which constantly influences all her actions. Blessed is the mother who has such a child! and bless-

ed is the family where such an elder sister dwells! She resembles some guardian angel ever hovering over the objects of her tenderest love, and gently expanding her protecting wing to shield them from the impending danger.

Mrs Grey had been so animated in portraying the character of Julia Cleveland, that she had not noticed the agitation which had affected her friend, and which now increased so violently that she abruptly stopped and enquired the cause.

"Oh, my dear friend," she replied, "the account you give of this sweet young lady plants daggers in my soul. *My eldest daughter*, Emily, might have been all this to me, but, alas! she is now reaping the bitter fruits of what my own hand so abundantly sowed in her childhood, and I am enduring the reproaches of conscience, armed by myself with ten thousand stings!" Here Mrs Grey's friend burst into tears, and the gush of feelings long struggled with, gave relief to her sorrowing heart. When a little composed, she continued, "You know that Emily was my oldest daughter. From childhood she was arrogant and self-willed; always contending that her station as the elder sister entitled her to more indulgence than the younger children. She insisted upon her brothers and sisters serving her, and when favors were to be shared by the little group, she claimed the first and the best. As she grew up, she became selfish, proud, and unamiable. For a long time my blind partiality never discerned the dreadful consequences of my own foolish indulgence, and her faults 'grew with her growth, and strengthened with her strength.' Disputes and quarrels became common among my little ones, and when I reprov- ed them, they would reply, 'Oh, ma'am, sister Emily did this, and you said nothing to her! Sister Emily said that, and you never found fault! These replies opened my eyes completely to my folly. I reasoned, I expostulated with my oldest daughter, but alas, it was too late. The usual reply I received was, 'I am the oldest, it is my right, and I will have it so.' Alas! my family soon presented a scene of discord and confusion, which, with all my efforts, I was unable to control. It is now but a few days since my poor misguided girl eloped with a profligate young man, and in her eighteenth year has commenced a career which will

terminate in misery in two worlds, unless Almighty grace interpose for her rescue."

Here the distressed mother was obliged to pause. Sighs and sobs, too bitter to be suppressed, almost overwhelmed her. Her sympathising friend, Mrs. Grey, hastened forward to her dwelling, and when she had seated the afflicted mother upon the sofa, she mentally exclaimed, "How much is the power of the eldest sister!"

Mothers, look at the contrast! Have you in your dwellings no portraits which resemble these? Examine the likeness, and however unskilful the artist may have been in portraying the features, you may perhaps trace some resemblance which may rouse your apprehensions lest an *Emily* should be your child, and you may become the sad and sorrowful parent, over whose simple tale your sympathy has just wept. Mothers, who have in your elder daughters a Julia, watch well the tender child! pray earnestly that she may be all, yea more than all here described; for much, very much depends upon the influence of the elder sister.

MONICA.

For the Ladies' Pearl.
THE TWO LILIES.

Once, as over the fields I bied,
Two lovely lilies fair I spied;
Supported both on one slight stem,
A distance from the walks of men;
In a beauteous lonely vale,
Where springs of water never fail.
They grew as gentle sisters there,
Shedding their fragrance on the air,
And greeting every passer by,
With pleasures that delight the eye,
And, as I chanced to pass that way,
I saw those flowers, from day to day,
Kept always thus so pure and bright,
As in the morning, so at night.
For, though the sun withdrew his rays,
And did not shine for many days,
And all around looked dark and wild,
Yet still amid the gloom they smiled,
And when the breezes o'er them blew,
Or they were met with shining dew,
They meekly bowed their humble head,
And more around their fragrance shed.
When roared the storm in anger round,
And laid them prostrate on the ground,
Soon as the furious tempest past,

Though they had felt its keenest blast,
Emblems of innocence and truth,
They reared their heads like sprightly youth;

Thus clouds, nor storm, nor wind, nor rain
Could e'er destroy this lovely twain.

Perhaps they might e'en now remain,
Had not a fell destroyer came.

He saw them blooming sweetly there,

So beautiful, so wondrous fair,

Professing friendship, large and true,

He took one flower from where it grew,

Saying, "on my breast this flower shall live,

I'll to it my attention give;

Protect it safe from winter storms,

And dangerous ills in all their forms,

For, centred in this flower shall be,

My happiness or misery."

But a *short* time this lilly flourished,

For very soon it was not nourished,

Nor shielded from the chilly air,

As erst it was transplanted there.

Soon it began to lose its hue,

Its beauty and its odor too,

Its fragrance gone, and color too.

He threw it down and bid adieu:

Thus left upon the ground to lie,

It very soon did fade and die.

The other there did still remain

And oft receive the gentle rain;

For though her sister fell through guile,

Yet still *her* cheek did wear a smile.

But soon a sad reverse it felt,

At which the tender heart should melt,

For summer soon resigned her reign,

And autumn blasts swept o'er the plain;

And withering frosts and blighting snow,

Spread o'er the hills and valleys low,

Cutting down all the bad and best,

And this fair flower among the rest.

Thus both did find an early grave,

The one by frost, the other by knave.

If I've not kept you, now, much too long,

Please hear the moral of my song.

We in these lilies fair may find,

An emblem true of womankind;

Not formed to shine in public life,

Nor mingle in earth's noisy strife,

But to adore a private sphere

And all the ills of life to cheer.

There woman sheds an influence round,
 More grateful than can else be found,
 From lilies fair or damask rose,
 That in the mead or valley grows;
 And should dark clouds o'ercast her sky,
 And woman's tear start in her eye,
 Or if her friends descend the tomb,
 And all the hopes expire in gloom,
 And all the world looks dark and drear,
 Her virtues do much bright appear.
 She can the ills of life endure,
 What her own virtues do not cure;
 But when her friends are faithless found,
 It gives her heart its mortal wound;
 Or if vile slanders round her fall,
 Like autumn's frost or frozen hail,
 It kills her hopes, it blasts her bloom,
 And lays her in an early tomb. N.

The Young Lady.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

WATER.

BY C. THERESA CLARKE.

Clouds! light, fleecy, clouds of the mid-
 summer sky,
 Ye are gathering slowly and darkly on
 high!
 Through the long sultry days we've been
 watching in vain,
 For the thrice-welcome sound of "abun-
 dance of rain;"
 And list! it is pouring in fresh, grateful
 showers,
 It is cheering the cups of the late drooping
 flowers;
 Even noon-tide, and silence, proclaim by
 their spells,
 When water is drawing from Heaven's
 own wells.
 Old ocean, in majesty yet swelleth on,
 With the ever-deep bass of its waves roll-
 ing strong;
 On the white beach 'tis playing—the beau-
 tiful spray,
 Like fairy forms seen but to vanish away!
 Oh! I love thee, bright Water! in every
 form—
 In the hues of the prism-arch at close of a
 storm,
 And the blue curling mist that at morning
 and eve,

Over hill and low valley its tissue cloth
 weaves.

Pure Water, I love thee! as doth the fair
 child,

Who bends to thy mirror with joy growing
 wild,

When he sees his sweet face soft reflected
 therein,

Like a being not meet for this sad world of
 sin!

Emblematic of all that is buoyant and blest,
 Thou tellest of realms where the weary
 may rest—

Of silver founts flowing—of pleasures in
 store,

Where the traveller way-worn, shall thirst
 nevermore!

Springfield, Ms., Aug. 13, 1840.

THE TEMPER.

I recollect reading an anecdote some
 time since in the journal of one of our
 popular tourists, which exhibited the dis-
 astrous effects that sometimes ensue for
 the want of self-government on trifling
 occasions. As far as I can remember,
 the story ran as follows:

The American tourist encountered,
 while travelling in a diligence in France,
 an elderly lady, who was a native of the
 country, and whose amiable and attrac-
 tive manners, and good humored endur-
 ance of fatigue and inconveniences, ex-
 cited the commendations and applause of
 the American. The prepossession was
 mutual, and before the travellers separa-
 ted, the matron threw out sundry hints
 for the practical guidance of her more
 youthful associate. Among these, was a
 judicious caution to him against marry-
 ing any woman, before he became well
 acquainted with her domestic virtues.—
 To this end, she advised him never to
 visit any young lady as an admirer, at a
 regular hour on each returning day. The
 traveller manifested surprise, and inquir-
 ed, "what possible evil could result from
 paying his visit to the object of his admi-
 ration, at stated seasons?"

"Very great deception as to character,"
 she replied, "might probably be the con-
 sequence, inasmuch as the young lady
 knowing when her lover was to be ex-
 pected, would be prepared in holiday
 dress and smiles to welcome him. A
 friend of mine," she said, "had learned a

painful lesson, by thus regularly making his calls at a particular hour in the evening on a fair acquaintance. So admirably had she uniformly appeared at these times, and so attractive, that his heart had been taken captive; and the young lady and her family smiling on his suit, it was about to be consummated, when a very short time previous to that fixed on for their marriage, having occasion to leave town on business during the afternoon, he called unexpectedly at an early hour of the morning to take farewell.—The hall-door was open, and he entered unannounced; while he stood just within the threshold, he heard strange and discordant notes issuing from the family sitting room, which was near at hand.—The sound was so unusual, that his foot was arrested, and he found himself undesignedly a listener in a scene never intended for his ear. It was, alas! the voice of his *bien aimé* engaged in an angry discussion with her mother about some article of dress, in which the taste of parent and child differed—one impassioned word followed another, until finally the refractory child prevailed, and the mother, with flushed face and swimming eyes, left the apartment and passing through the hall, disappeared. Shocked and astounded by the alarming discovery which he had so unexpectedly made, the gentleman retreated with a sorrowful heart to his lodgings—a painful and heart-rending struggle ensued, the issue of which may be readily imagined; he wrote a kind and feeling letter to her who had thus deceived him so grossly, relinquished her hand for ever; since he felt assured, that one who could not command her temper on such an occasion to her mother, was ill qualified to render him happy as his wife.”

How many such discoveries are made, my dear E—, by both man and woman, when, alas! it can profit nothing—the irrevocable vow has been pronounced, and they have been joined together, until death shall sever the tie, with tastes uncongenial, tempers unsanctified, and wills unsubdued.—*Young Ladies' Comp.*

Moral Tale.

LEAVING THE OLD MEETING HOUSE.

We find the following beautiful passage in a discourse delivered by the Rev Mr Stetson, to the First Congregational Society of Medford, on the late occasion

of their leaving their old meeting-house for a new one:—

“And now, my friends, however painfully we may go from this house, let us go cheerfully and hopefully. We go to return again. This visible pile is to disappear in a few days, but the temple of God is not to be removed out of its place; here on this consecrated ground it is again to be restored—a symbol of the resurrection. With profound sensibility we go away, to come again and find a new temple, around which holiest affections may gather and kindle. And when the edifice which is to rise upon the ruins of this, shall in its turn grow old, and become unfit to satisfy the wants and tastes of some distant future, let that too fall, only to re-appear in a better resurrection.

Thus may the frail house, built by human hands, become immortal like the spirit that hallows it. The ground it stands on is holy, we would never have it desecrated by meaner uses. The wood and stones thereof grow old and are changed, but let the temple forever be one—the centre of the same inspiring association—a symbol of the presence of Him who is One, ‘the same yesterday, to-day and forever.’

There is another aspect, however, in which it may be regarded; not as an old thing to be removed, but as a holy thing to be venerated. The idea of a house of worship connects itself in our minds with the great purposes to which it has been devoted, the blessings and consolations of religion, the life and power of faith, and the eternal hope of souls. There is a sanctity in every structure, however humble and time-shattered, that has been consecrated to communion with God, and to the regeneration of man. If a divine word or inspired thought has ever touched and quickened our souls in the sanctuary, it rushes upon us again at this parting hour. Here we have sat at the feet of Jesus, and heard his gracious words of wisdom and love, his lessons of justice, faithfulness and charity, his revelations of hope and blessedness.

Here most of you have listened to the reverend old man, ‘like an ambassador of Christ, beseeching you to be reconciled to God.’ You have seen his deep emotion, when

‘By him the violated law spoke out
Its thunders, and by him in strains as sweet
As angels use, the gospel whispered peace.’

And dear to your souls is the memory of these privileges—holy is the place where they have been enjoyed. It cannot seem old, but venerable—the more venerable because your minds go not back to its origin. You have never seen the working of human hands; you have heard no sound of hammer or saw; to your imagination it is without beginning, and you would have it without end. I cannot but sympathize with the sentiment, though my own relation to this ancient structure is but of yesterday. It is honorable to human nature. I would that every christian temple could be built from the everlasting rock, that it might be imperishable as the spiritual idea of which it is the visible sign. I would not abandon this frail edifice with heartless indifference. Let all its accumulated remembrances go with us. Let us linger, and look, and sigh out a last farewell. House of God, farewell forever! From every part of thy old frame comes melodies and counsels and warnings. The bell has tolled its final summons; in a few moments the organ notes will be hushed to their long silence; the clock, from its high watchtower, has just sounded out in our ears its last solemn tone, as if time should be no more; the spire points upward to the serene heavens, to show us that our home and rest are there, in the bosom of the Infinite. The pulpit—the altar of baptism—the table of Christ with its touching memories—all, with inarticulate but thrilling voices, echo our last farewell! With mingled emotions of sorrow and gladness we go; we obey the voice of God, speaking to us through his Providence, and saying, 'Arise and depart; for this is not your rest.'

Records of Woman.

GINEVRA & THE OAKEN CHEST

BY SAMUEL ROGERS.

If ever you should come to Modena
Stop at a palace near the Reggis-gate
Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain you—but, before you go,
Enter the house—forget it not, I pray,
And look awhile upon a picture there.

'Tis of a Lady in her radiant youth,
The last of that illustrious family;
Done by Zampieris—but by whom I care
not.
He who observes it—ere he passes on,

Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again
That he may call it up, when far away.

She sit inclining, forward as to speak,
Her lips half open, and her finger up,
As though she said, 'Beware!' her vest of
gold
Broider'd with flowers, and clasp'd from
head to foot,
An emerald stone in every golden clasp;
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls.

But then her face
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart—
It haunts me still tho' many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody!

Alone it hangs
Over a mouldering heir-loom, its companion,
An oaken chest, half eaten by the worm,
But richly carved by Antony of Trent
With Scripture stories from the life of
Christ:
A chest that came from Venice, and had
held
The ducal robes of some old ancestor—
That by the way—it may be true or false—
But don't forget the picture; and you will
not,
When you have heard the tale they told
me there.

She was an only child—her name Ginevra,
The joy, the pride of an indulgent father;
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francisco Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first
love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal dress
She was all gentleness, all gaiety,
Her pranks the favorite theme of every
tongue.

But now the day was come, the day, the
hour;

Now frowning, smiling, for the hundredth
time

The nurse, that ancient lady, preach'd decorum;

And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francisco.

Great was the joy; but at the Nuptial Feast
When all sate down, the Bride herself was
wanting.

Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,
'Tis but to make a trial of our love!
And fill'd his glass to all; but his hand
shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic
spread.

assisted her sisters in conducting a large and popular boarding-house at Bristol but afterwards when a small annuity and the rapid sale of her works furnished her with competent means of support, she purchased a small estate near Bristol, called cowslip green. She afterwards purchased a more extensive one, near by, called Barley wood. She spent the greater part of her useful life on these estates, expending her time and money in promoting the happiness and improvement of the poor for miles round her residence. She established schools, procured means for their religious instruction, aided their poverty with her purse, and devoted herself to works of piety and philanthropy.

A disappointment in early life decided Miss More's mind in favor of a single life. Mr Turner, a gentleman of wealth and birth, offered her his hand which she accepted, and the day of their wedding was fixed. Before it arrived he begged it might be deferred. It was done and another day fixed, when he again wished it to be put off. This vacillation Miss More considered dishonorable and refused all further consideration of the matter. The match was accordingly broken off, but Mr Turner settled an annuity upon her, and at his death left her a handsome sum of money.

The mind of Miss More was from the beginning of her life inclined to seriousness, but it was not until 1782 that she became decidedly religious. The death of the eloquent Garrick and the learned Johnson, who were her particular friends, had a powerful effect upon her mind and led her to form those holy purposes, to renounce the world and to live for heaven, that afterwards governed her life. From that time her piety became deep, ardent, practical and consistent.

Hannah More lived to the ripe old age of eighty-nine. She died Sept. 7th, 1833, at her house in Windsor Terrace, Clifton, whither she had removed a few years before. Her last word was "Joy"! In her last moments there was an unusual brightness in the expression of her face. She looked very serene, and there was nothing

but the gentle breathing of an infant's sleep. A few minutes after one in the morning of the 7th; her last gentle breath escaped and she was added to the multitude in heaven. She was buried beside her sisters near the parish church of Wrington, on the 13th of September.

In person Miss More was of the middle size with rather a slender figure—in dress she was plain, neat and simple, entirely avoiding the use of jewels—in manners she was kind, simple and affable. She possessed fine conversational powers, great wit, and an exhaustless stock of good nature, and her ardent piety threw a bright and peaceful halo over her whole character. Such was Hannah More, and may the world yet produce many who shall equal her in piety, at least, if not in talent.

A FEMALE SOLDIER. The *Glanceur du Haut Rhin* relates:—"There is at Colmar a woman who is with difficulty able to obtain the means of existence, but whose extraordinary life should make her an object of interest. She was born at Colmar in 1783. Her father was a sergeant, and her mother one of the suttlers of his regiment. Her father was killed during the campaign of Calabria, and her mother's head was carried away by a cannon ball at the battle of Fleurus. In 1802 our heroine married the drum-major of the 62d demi-brigade, named Girard. She became, like her mother, a suttler, and entered Spain with the division of General Donnadieu. She was present at the taking of Saragossa, then passed into Portugal, and returned to Barcelona, at which time she had eight sons who all entered the army.

From Barcelona she went into Austria, and was wounded by a lance at the battle of Wagram. She was present at the taking of Vienna, and was subsequently in garrison at Naples for several months. She then returned to Spain with her husband, who was decorated at the taking of Girona, at which she assisted, carrying on this occasion a musket, and fighting with the troops. She next accompanied the expedition to Russia, and was reckoned among the 25 who remained after the famous retreat, out of four battalions of 1000 each. She was present at Courbevoie on the re-organization of her reg-

iment, and was engaged in the affairs of Chalons, Troyes, Bar-sur-Aube, and Brienne.

She followed the Emperor with her husband to the island of Elba, and was at the battle of Waterloo. In 1815, her husband was made adjutant in the artillery. In 1823, she accompanied him to Spain, and saw him killed between Barcelona and Gracia. On her return to France in 1825, she married a sergeant-major, named Varin, and accompanied him on the expedition to Africa, in which all her sons were engaged. She lost her husband and two of her sons, one of whom was drum-major, and the other master of a band, during this expedition, and was twice wounded herself. She returned to her native town last year, but has hitherto resisted every attempt to excite sympathy by making her history known. A subscription has been opened for her at Colmar.

The Wife

From the Knickerbocker for June.

THE MARRIAGE VOW.

*"Look, how they come—a mingled crowd,
Of bright and dark, but rapid days;
Beneath them, like a summer cloud,
The wide world changes as ye gaze."*

BRYANT.

Speak it not lightly!—'tis a holy thing,
A bond enduring through long distant years,

When joy o'er thine abode is hovering,
Or when thine eye is wet with bitterest tears;

Recorded by an angel's pen on high,
And must be questioned in eternity!

Speak it not lightly!—though the young
and gay

Are thronging round thee now, with
tones of mirth,

Let not the holy promise of to-day
Fade like the clouds that with the morn
have birth;

But ever bright and sacred may it be,
Stored in the treasure-cell of memory.

Life will not prove all sunshine: there
will come

Dark hours for all: O, will ye, when
the night

Of sorrow gathers thickly round your home—
Love as ye did, in times when calm and
bright

Seemed the sure path ye trod, untouched
by care,

And deemed the future, like the present,
fair?

Eyes that beam with health may yet grow
dim,

And cheeks of rose forget their early
glow;

Languor and pain assail each active limb,
And lay, perchance, some worshipped
beauty low;

Then when ye gaze upon the altered brow,
And love as fondly, as faithfully as now?

Should fortune frown on your defenceless
head,

Should storms o'ertake your barque, on
life's dark sea—

Fierce tempests rend the sail so gaily
spread,

When hope her syren strain sang joy-
ously;

Will ye look up, though clouds your sky
o'ercast,

And say, 'Together we will bide the blast?'

Age with its silv'ry locks comes stealing on
And brings the tottering step, the fur-
rowed cheek,

The eye from whence each lustrous gleam
hath gone,

And the pale lip, with accents low and
weak;

Will ye then think upon your life's gay
prime,

And smiling, bid Love triumph over Time?

Speak it not lightly!—Oh, beware, beware!

'Tis no vain promise, no unmeaning word;
Lo! men and angels lisp the faith ye swear,

And by the high and holy One 'tis heard;
O, then kneel humbly at His altar now,

And pray for strength to keep your mar-
riage vow.

New York, May, 1840.

FLAXMAN AND HIS WIFE.

In 1782, Flaxman hired a small study in Wardour street, collected a stock of choice models, set his sketches in good order, and took unto himself a wife—Ann Denman—one who had long loved and who well deserved his affection. She was amiable and accomplished, had a taste for art and literature, was skilful in French and Italian, and, like her husband, had acquired some knowledge of the Greek. But, what was better than all, she was an enthusiastic admirer of his genius; she cheered and encouraged him in his moments of despondency, regulated modestly and prudently his domestic economy, and arranged his drawings, managed now and then his correspondence, and acted in all particulars so that it seemed as if the church, in performing a marriage, had accomplished a

miracle, and blended them really into one flesh and blood. He had never doubted that in the company of her whom he loved, he should be able to work with an intenser spirit; but of another opinion was Sir Joshua Reynolds. "So, Flaxman," said the President of the day, as he chanced to meet him, "I am told you are married—if so, sir, I tell you, you are ruined for an artist!" Flaxman went home, sat down beside his wife, took her hand, and said, with a smile, "I am ruined for an artist." "John," said she, "how has this happened, and who has done it?" "It happened," said he, "in the church; and Ann Denman has done it; I met Sir Joshua Reynolds, just now, and he said marriage had ruined me in my profession."

For a moment a cloud hung upon Flaxman's brow; but this worthy couple understood each other too well to have their happiness seriously marred by the unguarded and peevish remark of a wealthy old bachelor. * * * For thirty years, Flaxman had lived wedded; his health was generally good, his spirits were equal, and his wife, to whom his fame was happiness, had always been at his side. Her husband paid her the double respect due to affection and talent, and when any difficulty in composition occurred, he would say, with a smile, "Ask Mrs Flaxman, she is my dictionary." She maintained the simplicity and dignity of her husband, and refused all presents of paintings, or drawings, or books, unless some reciprocal interchange were made. It is almost needless to say, that Flaxman loved such a woman very tenderly. The hour of their separation approached; she fell ill and died, in 1820; and from the time of this bereavement, something like a lethargy came over his spirits. His sister, a lady of taste and talent much like his own, and his wife's sister, were of his household; but she who had shared in all his joys and sorrows was gone, and nothing could comfort him.—*Lives of British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects.*

MATRIMONY.—"A lady once said to me," writes Sir W. Pepys, "when I was going to give her away to her third husband, and told her that she ought not to appear in such high spirits, but look apprehensive—"Matrimony is like a cold bath, very formidable the first time, but when you have tried it often, you become used to it!"

The Literary Gatherer

"I'm but a gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."

ANECDOTE OF FAUST.—The following anecdote, shows the foundation of the well known popular tradition of "the Devil and Dr Faustus:"

In the infancy of printing, Johannes Faust, a native of Mentz, and one of the earliest printers, had the policy to conceal his art. Faust, in partnership with Peter Schoeffer, having, in 1462, printed off a considerable number of copies of the bible, to imitate those which were commonly sold in MS., undertook the sale of them at Paris, where the art of printing was then unknown. At first he sold his copies for so high a sum as 500 or 600 crowns, the prices usually demanded by the scribes. He afterwards lowered his prices to 50 crowns, which created universal astonishment: but when he produced copies as fast as they were wanted and lowered the price to 30 crowns, all Paris was agitated. The uniformity of the copies increased the wonder; informations were given into the police against him as a magician; his lodgings were searched: and a great number of copies being found, they were seized; the red ink with which they were embellished was said to be his blood: it was seriously adjudged that he was in league with the devil; and if he had not fled, most probably he would have shared the fate of those whom ignorant and superstitious judges condemned in those days for witchcraft.

AMERICAN WOMEN.—De Tocqueville, in the second part of his great work, pays a warm tribute to the worth of our countrywomen. He thus concludes his remarks: "As for myself, I do not hesitate to avow that, although the women of the United States are confined within the narrow circle of domestic life, and their situation is, in some respects, one of extreme dependence, I have no where seen women occupying a loftier position: (that is, of moral influence,) and if I were asked, now that I am drawing to the close of this work, in which I have spoken of so many important things done by the Americans, to what the singular prosperity and growing strength of that people ought mainly to be attributed, I should reply—to the superiority of their WOMEN."

PETER THE GREAT.

"Immortal Peter, first of monarchs."

It was the custom of Peter the Great, to visit the different workshops and manufactories, not only to encourage them, but also to judge of what other useful establishments might be formed in his dominions. Among the places he visited frequently, were the forges of Muller at Istia, ninety wrosts from Moscow. The Czar once passed a whole month there, during which time, after giving due attention to the affairs of state, which he never neglected, he amused himself with seeing and examining every thing in the most minute manner, and even employing himself in learning the business of a blacksmith. He succeeded so well, that on one of the last days of his remaining there, he forged eighteen poods of iron, and put his own particular mark on each bar. The boyars and other noblemen of his suite, were employed in blowing the bellows, stirring the fire, carrying coals, and performing the other duties of a blacksmith's assistant. When Peter had finished, he went to the proprietor, praised his manufactory, and asked him how much he gave his workmen per pood. "Three copeck's or an altina," answered Muller. "Very well," replied the Czar; "I have then earned eighteen altinas." Muller fetched eighteen ducats, offered them to Peter, and told him, that he could not give a workman like his majesty less per pood. Peter refused. "Keep your ducats," said he, "I have not wrought better than any other man; give me what you would give to another; I want to buy a pair of shoes, of which I am in great need." At the same time he showed him his shoes, which had been once mended, and were again full of holes. Peter accepted the eighteen altinas, and bought himself a pair of new shoes, which he used to show with much pleasure, saying, "These, I earned with the sweat of my brow."

One of the bars of iron forged by Peter the Great, and authenticated by his mark, is still to be seen at Istia, in the forge of Muller. Another similar bar is preserved in the cabinet of curiosities at St. Petersburg.

CONSEQUENCE OF A PUNCTURE BY A NEEDLE.—A case is reported in a late number of the Medical Journal, of the amputation of a foot of a lady, (rendered necessary to save life of the patient,) who

trod upon a cambric needle, which entered half its length into the heel, although the needle was extracted entire, and she was able to keep about her work for two days, before the pain arising from the puncture compelled her to send for medical assistance. We mention this case, particularly, as a caution to females, in whom we have sometimes observed great heedlessness in suffering needles to lie where they have accidentally fallen or carelessly thrown.

ANOTHER INVENTION.—M. Gaudin, a Frenchman, has invented a light, by conducting oxygen through the burning essence of turpentine, which is 30,000 times as strong as common burning gas! He proposes to erect a light house upon an island in the river Seine, near the centre of Paris, and thinks he shall be able, by the aid of gas pipes, to render the streets of the city as light at midnight, as they are at noonday.

WOMAN.—O, woman! nature which made you fair, made you loveliest in the expression of her best feeling; and the most perfect loveliness of a cold insensibility becomes revolting and deformed, compared to that intelligence of beauty, which rushes upon the countenance from the heart that is filled with a pure and ardent affection: then thought breathes upon the lip, independent of sound; and the eye images in a glance all that the soul could feel in an age!

HINDOO CONVENT.—Monsieur de Thenet speaks of a Convent of religious Hindoos at Lahore. They have a general, provincial and other superiors; they make vows of obedience, chastity, and poverty; they eat but once a day. The chief tenet of their order is, to avoid doing to others what they themselves would not wish to endure; they suffer injuries with patience, and do not return a blow. They are forbidden even to look upon a woman.

DIALOGUE—between twa meenesters of the gude Kirk of Scotland. One complained that he had got a ringing in his head! "Do ye ken the reason o' that?" asked his worthy crony. "Na!" "I'll tell ye: it's because it's empty!" "And have ye never a ringing in your head?" "Na, never!" "And do ye ken the reason? It's because it's cracked!" was the retort; and the truth was not very off.

Editorial.

THE SKELETON OF DEATH.—How often has this, the imagined monster of the painter, terrified our boyish fears! And who has entirely recovered from the impression made upon his mind by this horrific figure! Few, we opine, ever entirely free themselves from the shackles, that this last relic of ancient, Gothic superstition throws over our minds. We insensibly associate it with our idea of dying, and it creates an instinctive shuddering, when we permit the idea of death to enter the understanding. It is a remarkable fact—a surpassingly strange fact, that this barbarous mode of representing death originated in a professedly *christian* era, and among a professedly *christian* people. How strange the believers in the only religion that teaches the certainty of immortality, and that points with sure direction to a brighter existence hereafter, should be the first to invest the closing scene of life with such an idea of horror, as is begotten by the filthy skeleton of death! And yet, this is the fact. The ancients had no such personification for death. With them, heathen as they were, the cessation of human life was elegantly denoted by a figure of Love, with a melancholy air, leaning on an inverted torch, whose flame naturally and gradually extinguished itself. How beautiful, how fitting this figure: how appropriate to our ideas of death, and how to be regretted that christianity has not the honor of its invention.

But the anomaly between this description and the teachings of the gospel on the subject of Death, is explained when it is remembered that we owe this barbarous and hated personification to the dark ages. It is the creature of monkish superstition—one of those priestly inventions of a fallen age to enslave and bind the human mind, and the only wonder is, that the device is not consigned, in the present free and enlightened age, to the same oblivious deep as its numerous kindred of the same unholy fraternity. Let the pious, the enlightened and the virtuous unite to expose

the origin and unfitness of this unsightly monster, and it will soon cease to be the emblem of that Messenger whose visit is mercy to a christian heart.

ORIGIN OF STARCHING.—The origin of this most useful art may not be uninteresting to the housewife, nor indeed to any, whether lady or gentleman, as we are all more or less dependent on its *stiffening* aid. We give it in the words of an ancient chronicler.

“In the year 1564 Mistris Dinghen Van den Glass, born at Gœnen in Flaunders, daughter to a worshipful knight of that province came to London with her husband for their better safeties, and there professed herself a starcher, wherein she excelled; unto whom her own nation presently repaired, and paid her very liberally for her worke. Some very few of the best and most curious wives of that time, observing the neatness and delicacy of the Dutch for whiteness and fine wearing of linen made them cambrick ruffles, and sent them to Mis’ris Dinghen to starche, and after a while they made them ruffles of lawn, which were at that time a stiff most strange and wonderful; and thereupon arose a general scoffe or by-word, that shortly they would make ruffles of a spider’s web: and then they began to send their daughters and nearest kinswomen to Mistress Dinghen to learne how to starche: her usual price was at that time four or five pound, to teach them how to starche, and twenty shillings how to seethe starche.”

FEMALE HEAD-DRESSES.—In China, the lady of fashion carries on her head the figure of a bird composed of copper or of gold as the wealth of the wearer may permit. The wings spread out, fall over the front of the head and conceal the temples. The tail, long and open, forms a beautiful tuft of feathers. The beak covers the top of the nose, and the neck is so fastened to the body that it trembles on the slightest motion of the wearer.

In Queen Anne’s reign the head dresses of ladies in England formed a “sort of edifice three stories high,” and a fashionable lady of that age very much resembled “the figure of Cybele the mother of Gods, with three towers on her head.”